

The Historie of

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poin-  
set upon them, they all runne away, and Fal-  
Poin. Villaines. stalffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-  
uing the booty behind them.*

*Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the thecues  
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away  
good Ned, Falstalffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.*

*Poin. How the rogue roard* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.*

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

*He could be cōtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the  
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his owne  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

*Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger,  
we plucke this flower safety.*

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named  
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for  
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

*Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our find true  
& constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an  
excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue  
is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene-  
rall course of the action Zounds & I were now by this rascall,  
I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my fa-  
ther, my vncl, & my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of  
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?  
haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth  
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward  
already? What a pagan rascall is this, and infidell? Ha, you shall  
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the  
King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my  
selfe,*

Henric the fourth.

*selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke  
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,  
we are prepared. I will set forward to night.* *Enter his Lady.*  
*How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres.*

*Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
Albanisht woman from my Harriet bed?  
Tell mee, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sitt alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,  
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,  
To thick-eyd musing, and cutst melancholy?  
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,  
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,  
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,  
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt  
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, tents,  
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,  
Of prisoners ransome, and of fouldcirs slaine,  
And all the current, of a heddy fight,  
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,  
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,  
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,  
And in thy face strange motions haue apcard,  
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,  
On some great sodaine haft. O what portents are these?  
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loues me not.*

*Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the Packet gone?*

*Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.*

*Hot. Hath Butler brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?*

*Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.*

*Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop care, is it not?*

*Ser. It is, my Lord.*

D.

Hot.